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SOMETHING TO SHOW AT LAST.

THE series of rapid arrests followed yesterday by the indictment of two of the Cohen brothers for assault on A. T. Pearson, associate of Baff, at least assures the public that the police and the District Attorney's office do not mean to let another twenty-five days go by without finding the murderers of the dead poultry dealer. Nobody has yet been indicted for the murder of Baff. But the most desperate fighters in the bitter feud which raged in Washington Market, and which led to the assassination of the poultry "ring's" worst enemy, are now safe in custody. As witnesses in the Pearson assault case there is little doubt that they can be made to throw light on the killing of Baff. Already they have begun to talk. Any day or any hour may bring out the whole story.

It is due the police to recognize the fact that they at least kept a vigilant eye on all these men and promptly put their hands on them at a moment's notice. It is now up to the District Attorney's office to extract from its round-up of witnesses the word that will clear up the Baff case. It is nearly a month since the murder.

Bart Dunn and Joseph Fogarty, Tammany henchmen and highway grafters, are close to the door of the penitentiary, thanks to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which unanimously confirms their conviction in the Supreme Court, Rockland County, last year.

Dunn built fake roads and charged the State top prices. Fogarty, as Supervisor of Roads for the Department of Highways, passed the slovenly work and O. K.'d the bills. This particular Tammany game is about played out.

TO FLY OVER CITIES.

THE action of the Aero Club of America in permitting expert aviators from now on to fly over cities is no doubt striking proof of the progress made in practical flying.

That it also brings plenty of new risks and perils into every-day life goes without saying.

The governors of the Aero Club are confident that the aeroplane will soon be used for transportation. The flying machine, they point out, has now developed to a point where it can speed a thousand miles at a rate of 136 miles an hour, carrying loads up to a thousand pounds. And when scores of them scud over the city each day! We haven't yet brought the licensed incompetents who maim and kill us with automobiles to a sense of their responsibilities. How are we to get any satisfaction out of the passing airman who drops a monkey wrench into the crowd in Madison Square or the touring rent whose five hundred pounds of steel cornered luggage slips its straps and descends on us from a mile up?

The Aero Club is no doubt eager to advance practical aviation. It promises to issue its licenses with care and caution. But are millions of city dwellers to leave it to a club to say who shall fly over them?

To hold war conditions responsible for the \$50,000,000 rate increase granted the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission may be a good way to forestall grumbling on the part of the public. It sounds less like a Christmas present.

AND NOW "THE SAFE AND SANE XMAS"

CHRISTMAS greens, paper ornaments, inflammable tinsel and cotton "snow"—not to speak of moving picture machines—introduced upon insured premises constitute an additional hazard which fire insurance policies do not contemplate. Local fire underwriters have sent a reminder to this effect to their New York policy holders.

Inasmuch as the standard fire insurance policy stipulates that, unless otherwise specially provided, if the hazard is increased by any means within the control or knowledge of the insured the policy becomes void, it is just that the public should be thus annually warned against exposing itself to serious misunderstanding and loss.

After all, nobody's Christmas need be spoiled because lighted candles and tissue paper on Christmas trees are dangerous and likely to prove costly. There are plenty of ways to brighten up the tree without using naked lights. Non-inflammable tinsel and fireproof decorations can be had in abundance. Buy only these, use a little extra care and common sense, and you can make Christmas festivities sane without sacrificing the sparkle.

The thousand or more citizens who thoughtfully withdrew when five loose lions took charge of an uptown theatre the other afternoon are not a bit surprised to learn that the beasts were perfectly good natured. Many of those present thought as much. But the habit of side-stepping lions is not broken in a minute.

Hits From Sharp Wits

It is easy to forgive an enemy when he is down and out and you are prosperous.

You can't make a fool of any one without his assistance.—Albany Journal.

The inevitable is simply the assembling of all mistakes of life.

It is easier to look wise than to speak wise. Try it if you think otherwise.—Deseret News.

There is a lot of mule in human nature, but the dictionary gives it a polite name.—Toledo Blade.

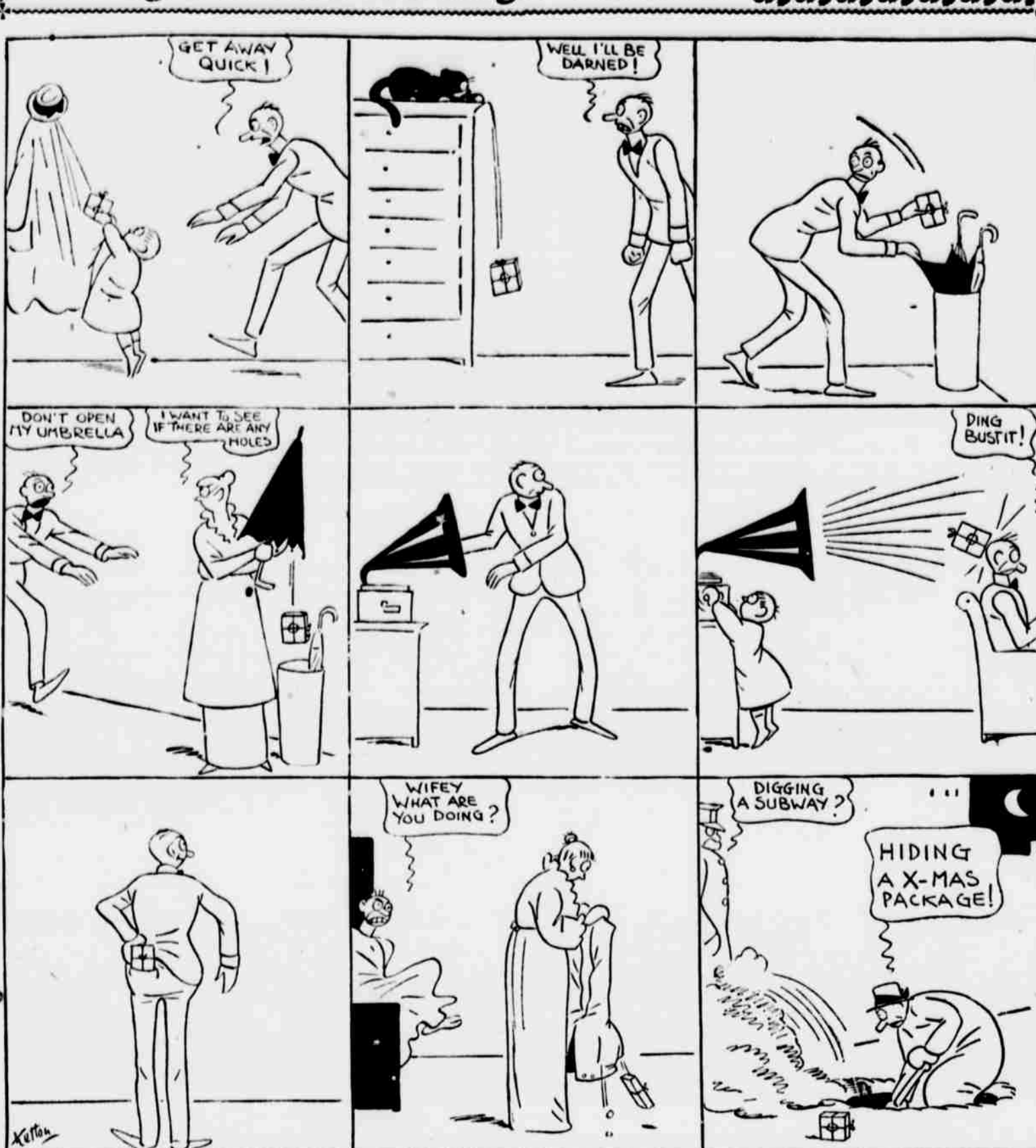
Once in a while one comes to know, or know of, a man whose conduct causes one to wonder how a politician can be in his own company.—Albany Journal.

To every person who needs a rest cure there are many who need a rust cure.

Maybe the best man in the crowd

Hiding a Xmas Package

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. RANGLE had draped himself against the bar at Gus's popular cafe on the corner, watching one of those itinerant Tin-tinetti of way-side and pavement side lins, a soap artist, at his deadly work of decorating Gus's mirrors with those chaotic designs that are tellingly referred to as "Holiday symphonies."

These consisted of such trite but hearty legends as "Merry Christmas!" "A Happy New Year!" and "Good Luck to All Who Enter Here!" "Has an adaptation from 'Dante's Inferno,'" roared Mr. Jarr as he entered and ranged himself alongside of Mr. Rangle.

The soap artist, whom the children of the neighborhood (who stopped to peek in the doors ever and anon) regarded as a relative of Santa Claus because he always came around just before Christmas, and was fat and had a white mustache and a nose like a cherry, paused in his work.

"Well, what'll I put in?" asked the soap artist. "I ain't one of them hoboes who have two styles of bum lettering and that's all. I got an art training. I have. They ain't nothing I can't paint. I've got twenty years on outdoor display advertising and I've painted whales for soap powder, and cows for malted milk and flies for screen signs and two flies as big as the whales and the cows, and the ginger ale boy and the old malt wh. key man and the guy with the back and all the famous characters of his time. Like them, and if there is anything you want, whether it's animal, vegetable or mineral, name it now."

"Mineral sounds good. Paint him on the bar glass," suggested Mr. Rangle.

"Him?" sneered the artist. "Mineral is coal and wood."

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Mr. Jarr Has Discovered a Genius

Who Paints Pictures With Soap

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"Well, Tony, the ice man, deals in coal and wood. Put Tony's name in the dark in his coal cellar on a ton of coal. No, two tons. One ton of Tony's wouldn't show," said Gus.

The artist smote his forehead in despair.

"They ain't no action in a ton of coal in a dark cellar and no perspective," he objected.

"No, no, Gus," said Mr. Jarr. "The artist prefers something with action and color."

"Paint a feller running in a red suit, then," suggested Gus. "And out of his mouth words saying, 'Go to Gus's Place. Winces, Liquors and Cigars, but Do Not Ask for Credit and You Will Not Be Refused.'"

"The soap artist groaned. 'Then a guy is asked why he drinks!' he cried. And by the pathos in his voice it was evident he had often been asked this.

"I tell you what!" said Gus, as though seized by a sudden idea. "Paint in a house on fire. That will please Claude, the fireman, and the bunch at the engine house, even if they ain't allowed to come in a liquor store. Still when they send Heinie, their buffalo, for a rubber boot full of beer, he will see it and tell them, and when they has stags and play pinocchio for the cigars they will send care for them. You know I'm boosting their business all the time."

"I think something more cheerful would be better. Don't you Rangle?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Sure!" said Rangle. "Something pleasing and cheerful."

"I know a good one! One I do grand!" exclaimed the soap artist. And he set feverishly to work. "The loss of the Titanic!"

"An' 'bout Gus's idea of a jolly decorative bit, the protests of the counsellors as Messrs. Jarr and Rangle were emphatically overruled. Those interested in true temperance are warned to keep away from Gus's place. The pictorial holiday messes will drive any one to drink."

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that General Manager Hedley of the Inter-Adm. is ash says wood-en cars are better than steel cars in a collision because they give."

"Then why not use rubber cars and have 'em give both ways?"

"The Solution at Last."

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What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

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ON THE WISDOM OF BEING FOOLISH AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

"O H, dear!" moaned the Widow, as she tottered out of the glittering toy-shop and sank gratefully among the cushions of her limousine, while the Bachelor deposited a load of packages about her small feet. "I WISH it were all over! I'm so dizzy, and my head is going 'round, and I see everything crooked or double or upside down, and—"

"You have a 'JAG!' announced the Bachelor solemnly, as he tucked the fur rug tenderly about her, and nodded to the chauffeur.

"A—what?" demanded the Widow, sitting bolt upright.

"A 'SHOPPING JAG,'" explained the Bachelor. "There are all kinds of 'jags,' you know; mental, spiritual, sentimental—and Christmas jags. Take my advice, and drive straight home and try a dose of seltzer and a little cold reflection."

"That won't do any good," sighed the Widow, shaking her head. "It will take me until after New Year's Day to 'sober up,' and find out what I've done with my money, and if I have a real friend left in the world. Besides, who wants to be sober and sensible at Christmas time? That's when most people start in to be foolish, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor. "It looks as though 'All Fool's Day' should be changed on the calendar, from April 1 to Dec. 1."

"If it only were," breathed the Widow, burying her glowing face in a bunch of fragrant violets, "my conscience wouldn't feel half so stricken! I don't know what it is that gets into my head or my blood at this time of the year, and makes me want to do all the things that I shouldn't do, and none of those things that I should do. Of course a MAN could understand, because men feel that way most of the time."

"Oh, indeed!" murmured the Bachelor.

"The Delights of Uselessness."

"BUT a woman," went on the Widow, "is so used to considering duty before pleasure, and economy before luxury, and wisdom before merriment, that she can't get any real comfort out of her follies. For instance, I've just revealed in buying all my friends and family the things they don't need and haven't asked for, instead of the things they do need and particularly asked for; and already I'm wretched with remorse. My sister wanted table linen, and I've bought her a pink chiffon kimono; my nephew asked for gloves and hose, and I've bought him a bronze desk-set; my mother wanted a new hall rug, and I've gotten her a silver mesh-bag. And every blessed thing I've bought cost twice as much as what they asked for—and there you are! I shall have to do without everything I want, from a tatra to tooth-powder, to make up for my extravagance—and nobody will thank me for it!"

"Cheer up!" rejoined the Bachelor. "Don't you fancy that they won't! They asked you for those things weeks ago, in their sane and sober moments. They're all just as 'beady' over Christmas now as you are; and they'll thank you for giving them their own lucky stars, that you didn't put a switch in their stockings by giving them something 'sensible' instead of something delightful. There are times when the beautiful is not a luxury, but a necessity, and the useful is not a necessity, but a crime—and one of those is Christmas time!"

"Yes," mused the Widow, thoughtfully. "There ought to be a 'Society for the Prevention of Useful Giving,' don't you think? I often wonder if people who never neglect their duties, and never never lose their common sense, was not a mistake. It takes a little folly, and a little beauty, and a little nonsense to stimulate the heart and keep you balanced in this world. Surely, the utilitarian and commonplaceness is not ALL there is to life. If it were I should want to die this minute!"

"A Mental Spree Might Help."

"CHRISTMAS is a time when every sober-minded person should go on a mental 'spree' and get the latent folly out of his system, by being as reckless, and as childish, and as foolish as possible. Otherwise, he is apt to explode, and do something really rash at the wrong time. We are all like the small boy who would rather have a toy for Christmas than a new pair of shoes, or like Cinderella, who would rather have an imaginary coach-and-four than a square meal. Just now the luxuries are a great deal more necessary to us than the necessities."

"Yes," sighed the Widow, pensively. "Luxuries, like husbands and frills, and poetry, and music, and dancing, and bon-bons, and bachelors—"

"And tobacco, and dreams, and illusions, and novels, and pictures"—added the Bachelor.

"And gardens, and open fires, and holidays—and Christmas!"

"And WIDOWS!" finished the Bachelor, softly.

"A widow," was the prompt retort. "is a necessity—not a luxury. She is part of the educational system. Without her no man would receive his post-graduate course in the School of Experience. Every 'finished' man has known at least one widow—but tell me," she went on hastily, "what do YOU want for Christmas?"

"Something," murmured the Bachelor, looking down at the widow through half-closed eyes, "perfectly useless and perishable and foolish and—delightful! In fact," and he leaned over and tilted her dimpled chin upward, "I think I'll take it now."

And he did.

CHAPTER XXII.

HEN something happened to take my mind entirely from Mr. Flam's unusual actions. Mrs. Carmen was very ill. Her husband sent for me, and would have had me remain with her constantly. I told him something about Mr. Flam, his goodness to me when I was really needed, and how I knew I shall improve more rapidly when that first duty was to him. He agreed with me. But every moment I could spare from my duties at the office I spent at Mrs. Carmen's bedside. So I was not really needed to care for her, only to sit beside her and try by my presence to cheer her.

Mr. Carmen was very anxious, and seemed to feel better when I was in the house. Gradually she became a little stronger, and the doctors advised spending the winter in the south. At first she absolutely refused to go, to leave her husband to the care of servants. Then one day, when the doctors had insisted that she go at once, she said she would go if I would leave my room at Mrs. Barnes's and stay in her house, so making Mr. Carmen more comfortable while she was away.

As an inducement she told me to have Emile come on a stay with me. I had moved into the new house, and I had moved in the day before, as she was going South that night. I hurriedly dressed Emile in a fresh white frock and sent her in to the "sick lady," as she called her. When I went

in an hour later I found Emile, tired from her journey, sound asleep on a bed beside Mrs. Carmen, whose eyes were full of tears, yet who looked perfectly happy.

"Sh—! a warning finger was held up. "Isn't she a little dear?" If I go well, Susan—better, I mean? (Oh, knew she would never again be well with me, if you will, promise me I know I shall improve more rapidly when that first duty was to him. He agreed with me. But every moment I could spare from my duties at the office I spent at Mrs. Carmen's bedside. So I was not really needed to care for her, only to sit beside her and try by my presence to cheer her.

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